

### Something about the South Carolina W. M. U.

While it is fresh in my mind I want to tell the Baptist women of Chesterfield county something about the State Union held at Newberry, S. C., last week. Mrs. R. M. Funderbuk and myself went to the great convention. I say great because it really is great. Until one has been in such a meeting one cannot even imagine its magnitude.

Think of four hundred and thirty four women gathered into one vast body. Women from all over our state, from the mountains to the sea coast, women whom we know are some of the best and who come together as a vast body of sisters, all working for the same cause and in the same name. Indeed and in truth could they sing "Blest be the tie that binds."

It was indeed an inspiring sight and one that would lead me to visions of high things.

Well, the people at Newberry could not have done more for us if they had tried. They met every train with their automobiles and carried us to our destinations. They had pre arranged every thing so well that we had no care or responsibility at all while we were there.

Dr. B. D. Gray of Atlanta, Ga., spoke to the convention on the first night. His address was certainly worth all our efforts to get there.

Then we had with us Missionaries John Lake and wife in whose presence it is a benediction to be. They would have been back in China ere this but the European war prevented their getting passage but they will sail very soon now.

Mrs. Lake in Chinese costume stood before us and in her gentle inimitable way told us of some of the conditions that exist in poor darkened China, how our hearts longed to help that deluded land. When she told us that it is not an extraordinary thing to pass along the streets of a Chinese city any dark night and hear the wail of a poor little cast away Chinese girl baby as it lies out on the ground to die and how common a thing it is to see their little dead bodies floating down the rivers or washed out on its banks. How our hearts ached and we felt like crying out to Almighty God "How long, O, Lord how long." We could see them and we understand why that large number of consecrated women could leave their homes and come together to find out better what God wants them to do. But thanks be to our heavenly Father he has put it into the hearts of us to help to send somebody to tell them the awfulness of doing such terrible things and so into their sin cursed lives there is beginning to dawn the faint light of a better day. "And the people that dwell in darkness saw a great light." And while our Missionaries are not yet sufficient in numbers to tell them all, the great truth is being made known to a few, and may that number be increased as the days go by.

One of the beautiful things of the convention was the exercise by the Newberry Sunbeam band which band has during the past year made the best record in the state.

Another thing that brought joy to my heart and made me feel proud (and I think I may be excused for the feeling) was that the name of the Chesterfield Y. W. A. was called out on the honor roll of the state.

And when a handkerchief was waved at me then I didn't need

### Bold Robbery Attempted at Wadesboro.

Wadesboro Ansonian  
One of the boldest robberies ever attempted here was pulled off at the Wadesboro Hardware Co.'s store between 8 and 9 o'clock last night when Will Maske, a driver for the company, entered the store and robbed the safe and a few show cases. He was caught in the building and is now in jail. Mr. W. H. Suits deserves the credit for detecting the crime in time to avoid its finish.

Mr. Suits was passing the store about 8 o'clock and saw two colored men looking in the front door. They moved in opposite directions, but their actions aroused his suspicions. He went to the rear of the store and waited.

In a few minutes Maske entered a back window, which he had evidently "fixed" during the day. He closed the window behind him. After awhile he came back but saw Mr. Suits. He then attempted to get out through a back door, but by this time Mr. Suits had given the alarm and a crowd was gathering. Mayor Dunlap had been sent for and also Mr. Joe Capel, who works in the store. The building was surrounded and Mr. Capel entered with several others. Maske was found crouching behind a stairway and when pulled out had no reasonable explanation to make of his movements. He had on his person a cheap pistol, the only one left in the show case, and a box of cartridges. He had loaded the pistol. He also had some articles of jewelry and \$11.77, which he had taken from the safe. It seems that Mr. Capel had left the safe unlocked, expecting to do some book work. Maske had a small key, which unlocked the cash drawer in the safe. It is a mystery where he got this key. He had tried to open other drawers in the safe with a screw driver, but failed. He had torn the cash drawer open, but got only a few cents. There is no doubt but that others are connected with the attempted robbery. Maske gave the name of one colored man, but he had no trouble in proving an alibi.

City Guy—What kind of a dog do you call that?  
Farmer—That's a huntin' setter.

City Guy—Whadddeya mean, huntin' setter?  
Farmer—He hunts bones, and then sets and eats 'em.

a photographer to tell me to look pleasant. And now though that isn't half, perhaps I have said enough for one time.

Our trip home was pleasant indeed.

It is good to go upon the mountain tops once in a while and see the great things but it is sweet also to come back down into the calm restful valley and take up our dear old every day life.—Edna V. Funderbuk.

P. S. Let me relate an incident that happened on our way home. Husband and I came by a house the lady of which had kindly kept the baby for us. After getting the baby and rousing the boy who rubbing his sleepy eyes came out we started home through a dark piece of woods when crash went the surry against a tree, so there we were with a sleeping baby, a woman's grip a bucket of supper and two horses to lead. But we got here all right if we did have to walk.

### 'Simmons Are Ripe

Monroe Enquirer  
It is persimmon time. A well ripened persimmon after the frost has touched and sweetened it—don't say it's "nice" that's not the word—it's "good," that what it is. Ever go out by the edge of the old field on a warm sunny afternoon 'long about this time of the year and pick up persimmons from the clean broom sedge under the trees? If you have not you are city bred and don't know what good living is anyhow. Never turn up your nose at the lowly 'simmon, for after all it is an aristocrat in the fruit family. It is akin to the date that you go to the store and pay a good big price for—fact. The persimmon has more seed in it than has the date that you buy at the confectionery store, but the persimmon is of the same family as the imported date—and if you had to get your persimmons at the store and pay a quarter for a handful you would be a plum fool about 'em.

Get Ready for It  
Progressive Farmer  
What about your plans for next year, Mr. Progressive Farmer? Are they made? Have you a definite, clear-cut system already outlined and to which you mean to adhere? Above all, have you agreed with yourself that next year your cotton acreage will be reduced and that you will give yourself, your family, your stock, and your land a chance by planting liberally of food, feed and soil-building crops?

We want to make this an individual appeal to you for we believe that it is only the individual grower realize that all cotton another year means ruin that we can hope to achieve any real results in acreage reduction. Let's see what the facts in the case are and then look them squarely in the face:

1. Cotton is now selling at seven cents, or from three to three and one-half cents a pound below the cost of production. It is, of course, always unsafe to attempt to prophesy, but we are only stating a truth when we say that to base our 1915 operations on any higher price is to court financial disaster.

2. Undoubtedly the coming season will see the almost entire withdrawal of the credit usually extended to the cotton grower. This is merely good business on the part of the merchant and banker, for they will see that advancing money on a crop for which there may be no market is too dangerous a risk to take.

3. Corn, oats, hay, meat, butter and eggs—in fact, food and feedstuffs of every kind, because of the vast destruction wrought in Europe, will be in enormous demand and at higher average prices than for years.

With these facts before us, it is nothing more than sound business sense to plant less cotton another year. And let us not forget we are not cutting the cotton acreage to get a higher price for cotton, but simply because we can't afford to grow it at present prices—prices that in all likelihood will prevail next year.

Let's not expect the other fellow to do it, for experience has shown that he can't be depended on. Rather we, you and I, my friend, must do this thing, and prepare for it now. Otherwise the hard times we are now experiencing will be doubly, trebly severe a year from now. For the all cotton farmer the handwriting is on the wall.

### Americans Have Left Vera Cruz.

Washington, Nov. 22.—Gen. Funston's infantry and marines, numbering about 6,000 men, tomorrow will haul down the Stars and Stripes which have been flying over Vera Cruz since last April, and evacuate the Mexican port in accordance with instructions from President Wilson. The five battleships at Vera Cruz and Tampico and the string of vessels on the west coast will remain in Mexican waters to afford protection to Americans and be in readiness to meet emergencies. It was just seven months ago when the bluejackets and marines under Rear Admiral Fletcher seized Vera Cruz as an act of reprisal for affronts to the American flag at Tampico, where a boatload of American bluejackets were arrested. Gen. Huerta, who controlled the forces at Tampico, had refused to comply with the demand of Admiral Mayo for a salute of 21 guns.

Advices from Mexico today still were confusing, but the American government's determination is to withdraw its troops and to remove from Mexican territory a possible cause of international friction as well as a potential factor that might become a domestic issue between factions in Mexico.

### Three Big Battles Raging

London, Nov. 20.—Two big battles, both of which may have decisive results, are raging in Poland, and a third of almost equal importance is progressing in East Prussia.

Of the three battles that now at its height between the Vistula and Warta, in which the Russians claim partial success is exciting the most interest. The Germans, it is believed, have brought by their line of strategic railways in Posen and Silesia at least half a million men in an effort to break the Russian lines. Weather conditions, the frozen ground and the situation of the battle field favor a battle decisive to a degree not yet attained on any other field. Each side claims it is producing satisfactorily.

In East Prussia the Russian advance is moving slowly through the country surrounding Mazurian lakes.

In Galicia fighting is continuing and the attack on Przemyśl is said to be developing in a manner to indicate the end is near.

There is an absence of infantry fighting in the western arena and the artillery fighting is much less violent. All that region about Dixmude through which the Yser flows is inundated and fighting appears to be taking place south of Ypres, where cannonading is in progress.

There has been no important action on the French centre, but in the Argonne region the Germans have made vigorous attacks which the French say were repulse.

### Many at War

London, Nov. 21.—With the addition of Turkey and Portugal to the ranks of the belligerents, the area of hostilities has been extended to approximately 58 per cent. of the land surface of the globe, and about 36 per cent. of the total population of the earth must be classed as technically belligerent, says the London Daily Chronicle.

### A New Automobile Fuel

It is reported that a Portuguese in Pennsylvania has discovered a method of breaking down water into its constituent parts without heat and with the addition of a few simple chemicals, making an automobile fuel which is more effective and efficient than gasoline. It is also reported that this mixture can be made at the cost of one and one-half cents a gallon. Then goodbye Standard Oil company.

Since the invention of efficient automobiles, the question of fuel has been one of the biggest to be considered. As the number of automobiles have increased, the price of gasoline has increased, until now fuel bills vie with repair bills to pester the poor autoist who has a slender pocketbook. Gasoline is just as necessary as the car is, and the gasoline bill is one that cannot be dodged.

If the new fuel can be made for one and a half cents and sold for three cents a gallon the whole fuel question will be settled. There will be no further consideration of the matter, and autoists will have to take up the cost of other parts of pleasure for discussion and remedy.

Of higher consideration than the autoist, however, is the farmer, who does the greater part of his work with gasoline engines. His saving will mean profit or loss, and the cheaper fuel will be a real Godsend to him.

If it is true that the inventor has invented the new fuel he will have done the world a great good, and should have a higher place in the hall of fame than the men who lead armies.

### Time Will Tell

Wadesboro Ansonian  
When a boy cuts loose from his selfrespect and chooses as his companions men who are as debased morally as a human being can be, there is little hope for him. "Be sure your sins will find you out" were words of a wise teacher many centuries ago and they are so true today. Business men know the habits of the boys of this and all other towns. They know the boy who has moral character and they also know the moral degenerates. Money counts with the business man, but character goes farther when he is looking for an employe. Society, of a certain class, may hold on to a morally debased character for a while but sooner or later such a degenerate must go down in failure, never to hope for any peace or pleasure in this world. It is an unchangeable law of nature that a man reaps what he sows, even in this world, and though he may have no respect for the opinions of those around him nor fear the penalties of a sinful life, he cannot for his own chance of success in this world afford to throw his life away.

A tourist in the mountains of Tennessee had dinner with a querulous old mountaineer who yawned about hard times 15 minutes at a stretch.

"Why, man," said the tourist, "you ought to be able to make lots of money shipping green corn to the Northern markets."

"Yes, I orter," was the sullen reply.

"You have the land, I suppose, and can get the seed."

"Yes, I guess so."

"Then why don't you go into the speculation?"

"No use, stranger," sadly replied the cracker, "the old woman is too lazy to do the plowin' and plantin'."—Ex.

### New Nut Raised In Georgia

Bainbridge (Ga.) Dispatch  
Hickan is the name of a new nut which is grown by E. D. Gainey in Decatur county, which is a cross between a hickory nut that grows wild in this vicinity and a paper shell pecan.

It is round like a hickory nut, has a shell colored like a pecan, and the shell is but slightly hicker than the paper shell pecan. The meat is colored and shaped like a peach, but the conformation is entirely similar to the hickory.

The tree on which it is grown is a pecan seedling and looks like any other pecan tree, but it is surrounded by hickory trees.

Chief of police W. D. Pegues is able to be out although forced to use crutches. The negro that shot him has not been caught yet but sheriff Douglass is still looking out for him and as sheriff Douglass hardly ever fails to land his man, we will not be surprised at any time, to learn that this negro has been picked up.—Cheraw Chronicle.

Little Jim, though he attended Sunday school every week, did not know quite so much about Scriptural history as he ought to have known, but when his sister asked:

"Where was Solomon's temple?" he was rather angry that she should think him unable to answer a simple question like that.

"Don't you think I know anything?" he asked.

"Well, where is it then?" his sister repeated; and then he informed her:

"On the side of his forehead, of course—the same as other folks. Do you think I'm a dunce?"

Mistress (indignantly)—Jane, what ever did you mean by wearing my low-necked evening dress at the busdrivers' ball last night? Really, you ought to have been ashamed of yourself!

Jane (meekly)—I was, mum. You never 'eard such remarks as they made!—London Sketch.

Traveler (in Southern hotel)—Can I get anything to eat here?  
Sambo—Yes, sah.  
Traveler—Such as what?  
Sambo—Such as it is, sah.—Ex.

### Magistrate's Summons And Complaint by Publication

State of South Carolina, county of Chesterfield.  
By G. M. Rodgers, Magistrate in and for the said county and the said State:  
To C. F. Whitley.

Complaint having been made unto me by Thomas Jowers that you are indebted to him in the sum of three dollars and seventy two cents for labor performed, that the said sum is due and owing and has not been paid, and also that you are a non-resident of this state.

These are, therefore, to require you, the said defendant, to appear before me in my office, in Pageland, S. C., on the 22nd day after service hereof A. D. 1914, at 10 o'clock a. m., to answer the said complaint, or judgment will be given against you by default.

Given under my Hand and Seal, at Pageland, S. C. the 24th day of Nov. A. D. 1914.

G. M. Rodgers, [L. S.]  
Magistrate.  
(Advertisement)